UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Good Capitalism

By H. R. MUSSEY

Lajpat Rai, the "Lion of the Punjab"

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V. CHAPTERS XII AND XIII

By M. K. GANDHI

Poetry and Rebellion

By LUCIA TRENT

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FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is leaving directly after New Year's for a three months' trip to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes will contribute a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1928 NUMBER 15

WHEN LOVE FILLS OUR HEART

[A Christmas Message]

There is nothing more unlovely than a wholly selfish man;
And nothing is more beautiful than a wholly spiritual man.
The desire of the selfish man is to seek only his own enjoyment.
The desire of the spiritual man is to seek the joy of others.
And for each, according to his own desire,
The beauty of the world is diminished or multiplied.

Love is the Spirit of the Universe, and when it fills our heart
The world in which we live is transformed and glorified.
By the light of love we find our way to an infinite beauty and truth.
But if love dwells not in us, we are betrayed by the darkness of our mind.

To all men in all ages this power belongs—
This highest and holiest power, the power of love.
Love is to each of us the natural medium of our true life,
As essential to our mind as the air we breathe is to our body.
Without love we exist only as mortal beings in the flesh,
And have not yet come into our true estate as immortal beings of the spirit.

Had Jesus never lived, or had we never heard of him, the truth would remain—
That by lack of love the world is lost,
Even as by fulness of love the world shall be redeemed.

When love fills our heart
We discover the working out in us of an infinite and eternal principle:
That all that is universal exists for the fulfilment and completion of each soul.
And that no one can realize his true being except in oneness with all being.

Behold! Here is the wonder and the glory of the mystery of God:
That he becomes one with us and we are made one with all creatures
When love fills our heart.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Christmas is here, and New Year's is just ahead. How many of our readers have helped UNITY to have a "merry Christmas"? How many are going to help UNITY to have a "happy New Year"? We want to start off this new year (1929) with the largest circulation in our more than fifty years of history. Send us a new subscriber, and help us break the record! The UNITY family is our pride and joy, and we want more, and ever more, to share its blessings.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It would be too bad if it did not. Blighting religions cannot stifle it. Pessimistic philosophy cannot conquer it. It is the beginning of the end of any individual when the dreads of life outnumber and overmaster the hopes. The failures of every day, and of every life, greatly outnumber the successes. If the human spirit had not the capacity notwithstanding to make the successes bulk larger in the final computation, life would be all which the prophets of gloom make it out to be. December 22nd is to many the gladdest day of the year, though it is shortest and likely to be the darkest. But for centuries, perhaps for millenniums, it has been the season of the highest festival among all northern peoples. The securest foundation for the Christmas season is pagan. Its association with Christ is an historical incident, one of the striking evidences of the power of adaptation in the Christian system. The date of Jesus's birth is not known. It was a stroke of early Christian genius that identified his birth with the perennially joyous season of the winter solstice. The simplest-minded and most primitive peoples of the northern zones have learned to date the turn of the sun from his downward course, and to join in the festivities born of the hope that the new vernal season will ere long spring out of the depths of the winter gloom. It is notable that these festivities took on their most vivid and joyous aspects in northern European lands. Only by importation from there have they generated large enthusiasm among denizens of the areas of equable climate and equal periods of light and dark in tropical and subtropical zones. This capacity to look through gloom to the bright hope beyond is the saving grace and the motor power of our civilization. Few hopes are fully realized. But we keep on hoping. And that is the conclusive mark of sanity. The deadliest sign of advancing insanity is the yielding of the balance to one's dreads and fears. The sobering of hopes by experience is doubtless a wholesome process, but the loss of hope is the beginning of death.

A few weeks ago there were real worries about the Briand-Kellogg Treaty and its ratification. It seemed impossible, with both parties committed to it,

that it should not be passed. But irreconcilables like Senator Moses were grumbling about the pacifist lobby, reservations were in the wind, the Navy Bill was in the way, and, anyhow, anything was possible in the short session. Today a decided change has come over the situation. The ratification of the Treaty not only seems to be certain but promises to be prompt. Personally we still anticipate delay and anxious crises, but any ultimate failure of the pact we regard as altogether out of the question. In place of worry about the Treaty, we now have worry about the Navy Bill. Not *our* worry, if you please! This time it is the militarists who are doing the worrying. Only a little time ago, everybody agreed that the Navy Bill was sure to pass. It was a sadly mutilated measure, to be sure—a mere ghost of its former self. But fifteen cruisers were better than none, and these the big navy were going to get. Even opposition agreed that the Bill could not be defeated. But now all this is changed. Hope runs high that it can be defeated. For this the President deserves no little credit. As regards the Treaty, he gave it unmeasured endorsement in his message, and lost not an hour in presenting it to the Senate with the significant request that it be ratified before his retirement from office. As regards the Navy Bill, he spoiled everything for the militarist crowd by coupling with his endorsement a suggestion that the measure be passed with the time clause eliminated, which means that the cruisers be authorized without any definite agreement or even promise to build them. For all this Mr. Coolidge deserves and gets our thanks. But the President is not acting alone in this matter. Behind him is a mass of public opinion, rolling up more ominously every day, which he has been compelled to recognize. Like the flood of molton lava from Etna, let this opinion move on 'till it devour every last vestige of militarism in this Congress. Pass the pact—annihilate the Navy Bill. This is our slogan!

When an architect plans a building, he makes a miniature model of the building for his client, so that its character and appearance may be made precisely visible. What the architect thus does with his edifice, Bolivia and Paraguay have been doing with war. These two South American countries, that is, have been staging a little war; and there in miniature are we permitted to see what war is. The occasion of this hostile affair 'way off there to the south is a boundary-line—about as silly and inane a thing to fight over as can be imagined. But are not all wars like that—silly and inane disputes that amount to nothing when seen in the perspective of time and space? Then, of course, this war is a war of defense. "The government will do its duty," says the President of Bolivia, speaking for all the world like some comic opera potentate. "We will be as one in the defense of the rights of our country." But are not all wars described at the time as wars of defense? Isn't the Bolivian chief magistrate saying exactly what has been said by every political leader since the first savage wetted his spear in his enemy's blood? Then the people, of course, were all for "War"! On both sides of the disputed boundary line frenzied men and women lifted up their voices and cried for immediate hostilities. "'We want to go to war,' was heard over the din coming from the crowd," says a news despatch. But isn't this what the people always do! and isn't the idea of a referendnm on war, therefore, the most preposterous program of peace that ever was devised? And then, of course, patriotism was everywhere in this Gilbert and Sullivan embroilment. "I have been deeply moved," cried the President of the Bolivian Congress, Senor Ramon Paz, "by this demonstration which reveals your intense patriotism." Bunk! *Bunk!! Bunk!!!* But isn't this the stuff that is always "pulled" at such a crisis as this? The temptation to laugh at these South American buffoons is almost irresistible. It *is* so funny! But it is wholesome to remember that human lives are at stake, and that we all act just this way in *war*.

Dr. Karl Reiland, of St. George's Church, New York, has been saying some things about the churches. He was so unkind a few Sundays ago as to contrast what the churches are saying now with what they were saying a dozen years ago. For example,

> The newspaper reports of Armistice Day sermons furnished a striking contrast to the pulpit utterances of a dozen years ago. During the war Jesus was a militarist and the Bible was a manual of arms. "Fight the Good Fight with All Their Might" and "The Son of God Goes Forth to War" were the hymns appropriate to enemy hate, lying propaganda, Liberty loans, conscription and the damnation of the pacifist.
>
> Jesus was made a General in the army or was given a uniform, a belt of cartridges and a gun and conscripted to bless the whole undertaking from all sides.
>
> These recent sermons, however, revealed a radical reversal of the ministerial militancy of that decade. The Peace Pact of Paris seems to have been the favorite theme for discussion, with its proposal to abolish war and settle international disputes by pacific means.

But this is not all! Having cast one barb, Dr. Reiland proceeded to throw a second. "Another strange thing is happening," he said,

> The pacifist is being made honorable. During and since the war a prominent ecclesiastic made a great many speeches in which he referred to the pacifist as one who "dispenses gas from the rear." It was not a very elevating reference to a profession now being elevated to honor. One of the great beatitudes is now becoming a professional text: "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God."

Great indeed are the miracles of passing time. There are fashions in ideas, exactly as in clothes. A dozen years ago, and the ministers were preaching from the bloodiest texts they could find in the bloodiest stories of Old Testament and New. Today, as Dr. Reiland so well pointed out, we have discovered once again the peace texts of Isaiah and the beatitudes of Jesus. But, if a war came suddenly upon us tomorrow, it is practically certain, is it not, that the ministers would all be

back again in the textual shambles! That is the trouble of having fallen from grace. The churches wrote their record in 1914-1918 of cowardice, compromise and criminality, and never in this generation at least can they be trusted again. We could almost wish that we might have another war that the churches might prove that, amid the excitement and horror of armed conflict, they could stand fast and firm by truth. But—would they do this?

Before we could get the above editorial into print, something of an answer to our question was given by the recent meeting of the Federal Council of Churches at Rochester, New York. This meeting, be it said, spoke out clearly and boldly on the issues of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty and the Navy Bill. It called flat-footedly for the ratification of the one, and for the defeat of the other. This was action which had its effect in Washington, we know. But then came the let-down, or the break-down, whatever you want to call it. To the already existing sixteen articles of the social creed of the churches, it was proposed to add this new article on the war question:

> The renunciation of war and the refusal of the Church of Christ as an institution to be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war.

Nothing could seem to be more logical than this statement, in view of the previous action of the conference in endorsing the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. By the terms of this Treaty the state had renounced war—why should not "the Church of Christ" now go and do likewise? But no—there was objection! It was said that few of the delegates had power to speak for their churches. It was argued that the pronouncement might be misunderstood and misinterpreted—somebody might actually imagine, we suppose, that "the Church of Christ" really believed in peace! So the proposal was referred back to the commission for report four years hence, when no civilization may be here at all to listen to any resolutions on any question. War doesn't halt in the transaction of *its* business. It goes straight to its objective, and asks for what it wants. Would that peace and its champions did the same! But here again the churches halted; and as we read this story we felt the melancholy conviction that if, or when, the next war comes along, they will do exactly what they did in the last war—follow Caesar to the shambles!

Paxton Hibben, dead on December 5th last, was best known in these later years at least as the author of a sensational biography of Henry Ward Beecher. This book was a storm-center of controversy when it appeared, but it withstood the gale. For behind it was a passion for truth which drove its author straight through the mists of tradition and sentiment which had long enwrapped the figure of the great Brooklyn preacher, and brought him face to face with a reality which he dared to reveal for what it was. This book, the *magnum opus* of Hibben's work as a writer, was the product of this love of truth which was central in his life, and which carried him far from his early conventional days of study at college, war correspondence with Jack Reed, service in diplomacy and in the army. How far he went we discovered in 1922, when we found him in Moscow, splashing through the rain-drenched streets in soaked sandals and a dripping army cape. He was there as representative of an American committee for the feeding of little children in the famine areas. To love truth as Hibben loved it, in such an age as this in which we live, was to be led into strange and dangerous places. Hibben never hesitated to follow on gladly wherever truth showed the way. He was thus a friend of Soviet Russia—fed her children, and sought the recognition of her government. He was a champion of civil liberties, and bore without flinching an odium of slander and abuse greater than that suffered by most advocates of our ancient American rights. He espoused with ardor the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, and made his last public speech on behalf of these two martyrs to the injustice of our law. Paxton Hibben was as brave as he was true. America could ill spare such a gallant spirit in his forty-eighth year.

Good Capitalism

It gets harder and harder to find fault with anything in the United States. All sorts of things used to be wrong. We had overcrowding and poverty and low wages and long hours and child labor and industrial accidents. We had slums and dirty streets and smoke nuisances, and atrocious statues in our parks and Rogers groups in our parlors. We had short weights and lying measures and swindling merchants, and grasping hard-fisted employers fighting it out with grafting labor leaders, and financial bandits running our railroads, and public-utility pirates swooping down on our street-car systems. We had all sorts of things that were bad, and we found it quick and easy to blame them all to capitalism, which, being an abstract word, could not talk back.

But we have changed all that. We do not have bad things any more. To be sure, we still have a couple of hundred thousand miners with nothing much to do, and a couple of million farmers with nothing much to live on, and a couple of billion speculators, apparently, all getting rich as fast as they know how by selling stocks to one another for more than they are worth. We

still have unregenerate employers and disgruntled employees. We still have housing problems, and even the best of us still have rent to pay after the instalment on the car is met. We still have Falls and Sinclairs, but they are not mentioned in the best circles, though they do seem still to circulate in high business quarters. Cranks still worry over the Sacco-Vanzetti case and the administration of justice. The man who is looking for trouble can still find plenty by looking hard enough. But take it by and large, most of us are pretty well "sold" (perhaps in more senses than one) on the idea of righteous prosperity. We have come to accept, on the whole, the Rotary gospel of "service before self" as really a good means to more self by and by, so that changes are creeping into our business conduct. There are plenty of things in the United States that are better than they were before the war. He would be a hardy critic, indeed, who should maintain that we have not made remarkable progress in material well-being, by whatever standard one chooses to measure it, and only less hardy, in my judgment, to deny that, despite all examples to the contrary, private business has during the past thirty years made striking gains in many of the ethical standards that it imposes on itself.

In the field of material production and distribution, indeed, American capitalism seems to me actually to have put its critics completely to rout. I do not mean that the problem of abundant production and satisfactory distribution is solved. That can scarcely happen this side of Utopia. I do mean that American capitalism is triumphantly surmounting the immediate difficulties that looked so threatening at the close of the war, that it is disclosing an astonishing power to increase the production of wealth and to distribute a substantial part of that increase among the mass of the people, and perhaps most important of all, that it is showing an unprecedented sense of responsibility for the solution of problems hitherto left to the reformer and the crank—occupational disease and accident, unemployment, industrial fluctuation, and all the newer human cancerns that are so rapidly becoming the task of intelligent and progressive business management. A business system that gives such evidence of vitality, power, adaptability and self-confidence as American capitalism has shown since the war may perhaps fairly lay claim to top rank among contemporary social successes. Certainly it has put to confusion those critics who at the end of the war saw it breaking down of its own weight because of sheer inability to produce and distribute among the people the material necessities of life. It may fairly challenge its critics to show cause why it should not continue to pursue successfully the course it has been following in recent years and thus bring more and more of us nearer and nearer to the desired haven of a widely diffused material well-being.

For my own part, I find the greatest difficulty with our business system not in its failure, but in its success. There are failures enough, and they are serious enough, but business is setting itself with increasing seriousness to remedying them, and I see no inherent reason why with proper government cooperation, as represented by a man like Mr. Hoover, it should not continue to make progress in remedying its failures. But I see no way of remedying its success. For business proceeds on Mr. Hoover's assumption that prosperity is very important, and the more successful it is, the more does it succeed in indoctrinating all classes of people with that view. Now in fact, in an economic scheme as yet no better ordered than our own, prosperity is important in bringing to a larger number of people than would otherwise enjoy them the material requisites of wholesome human living. That aside, it is singularly unimportant. Let a whole people get it into their head that it is important not only for all to have enough, which is true, but that it is important for them to keep on producing and having more and more, which is not true, and all sorts of ill results follow. Now it is just this illusion that our successful contemporary American capitalism nourishes. In fact, it is built on that illusion, and the more it succeeds, the more it makes us and all the rest of the world believe that illusion. We develop, then, an unreasoning admiration of those business men who we think are the chief agents in giving us more, and a hysterical fear of people and ideas that we think threaten in any way to interfere with our getting more. We feel ourselves superior to the rest of the world because we have more than they do, and we are comfortably indifferent or ignorantly hostile to their desire for joint action with us, because they have nothing to teach us. How could they have, when we are so much richer than they? In the words of Professor Hayes,

> We are so exclusive, so self-contained and prosperous, so smugly content with ourselves that we wilfully ignore what the rest of the world is saying and thinking about us.

At the same time, our preoccupation with prosperity carries us forward into a growing dependence on foreign materials, making us attach increasing importance to having our way with them and those who produce them. And we know where that leads. People who have discovered by economic failure something of the non-economic values of life may perhaps learn how to use economic success. My quarrel with American capitalism is just that it seems to be making it harder, rather than easier, to learn that lesson, by encouraging us in the stupid belief that there is something worth while in economic success for its own sake. Bad capitalism at least gave us something tangible to fight. Good capitalism bids fair to seduce us with a love of the wrong things. Its dangers are far the more subtle; for sometimes it seems to persuade the very preacher and the prophet himself that the life is no more than meat. But it is not true.

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

What a "piker" Monte Carlo is! Instead of roulette wheels and other paraphernalia, why not organize a stock exchange and do some real gambling?

Secretary Hoover has been royally received in Latin America. Honduras staged a hurricane, Chile an earthquake, and Bolivia and Paraguay a war. Surely, nothing more impressive could be asked than this!

"Gods of the Lightning," Maxwell Anderson's play on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, was submitted to the Boston authorities, and its production forbidden on the ground, first, that the text contained blasphemies, and secondly, was calculated to stir disrespect for American institutions. If these faults were corrected, others would straightway be found! The legendary ostrich with his head in the sand is nothing to Boston in its attitude toward the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy.

Senator Moses wants to know where the pacifist lobby in Washington comes from. We will tell you, Senator. It comes from the hearts of millions of humble citizens who are highly resolved that the world shall have peace.

Romain Rolland's masterpiece, "Jean Christophe," is in nine volumes. Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror" is in four volumes. Sigrid Undset, the new Noble Prize winner, published her "Kristin Lavransdatter" in three volumes, and is now publishing a new trilogy. And yet we Americans stand aghast at Upton Sinclair's two-volume "Boston."

"The navy needs more men," says Secretary Wilbur. Yes, and more ships, and more guns, and more coaling-stations, and more—everything. There is no bottom to the stomach of this monster.

J. H. H.

Lajpat Rai, the "Lion of the Punjab"

An Appreciation

I suppose the reason I am asked by the Editor to write something for UNITY about Lajpat Rai, the eminent statesman and publicist whose recent unexpected death is so severe a blow to freedom in India, is because of my long acquaintance with him, both in his own country and in America, and especially my close association with him for several years in work for India during his residence in New York from 1914 to 1919.

I think it is not extravagant to say that Lajpat Rai was a great man. He would have been regarded as great if he had been born and lived his life in England, or America or any country. He was great in more directions than one; for he was a many-sided man. It may almost be said that he was three or four or five men in one. He had traveled, observed and studied in many countries—in Europe, Asia and America. Thus his knowledge was world-wide and his thinking on a world scale. As a result of his extended visit in the Far East he wrote a book on Japan. He made three visits to America, the last time remaining here five years.

His home was in Lahore, the most important city of northwestern India, the capital of the Punjab province.

By profession he was a lawyer, carrying on active practice most of his life, and rising to a high place, nearly at the top, in the distinguished bar of his country.

While a lawyer, he was also an eminent educator. He, with others, himself leading, founded in his native city, the Dyananda Anglo-Vedic College, one of the best institutions of higher learning in India, of which for years he was the Vice-President and Honorary Secretary. All his public life he worked earnestly for the promotion of education, in his city, his province and the nation. In his travels in Europe and America he was a diligent student of educational systems and methods, the results of which he published in a book on education, which has had a wide circulation in India. An interesting part of his educational service to his country was the founding of the Tilak School of Politics in Lahore.

He was an eminent social reformer. Among all the social reforms needing to be promoted in India—the abolition of child marriage, of purda, the better treatment of Hindu widows, the education of girls, the elevation of the depressed classes, the so-called "untouchables," and others—among them all there was not one in which he did not take an active interest or which he did not assist as far as he was able. My own first personal acquaintance with him was formed at a great Convention in India which had been called to consider the sad case of the untouchables and plan means for their betterment. He presided at the Convention, and delivered a powerful address in furtherance of the object for which the gathering had been called.

Lajpat Rai was an eminent religious, as well as social, reformer. The two most important religious reform movements in India today are the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj. Of the latter he was a distinguished member and leader. The Arya Samaj movement is broadly and intelligently theistic, rejects idolatry, caste, and child marriage, is active in the promotion of education both for girls and young women and for boys and young men, is earnest in social reforms, and is warmly in sympathy with science.

The movement is about fifty years old, is spreading rapidly and now has organized societies existing in nearly every city and town of importance in North-

western, Northern and Central India. Lajpat Rai was not only a prominent supporter of the Arya Samaj, but he was its historian. The standard history of the movement, in the English language, is his book published in 1915, entitled, "The Arya Samaj; an Account of Its Origin, Doctrines and Activities, with a Biographical Account of Its Founder." If any of my readers care to know more about this fine, influential and growing religious reform movement in India, they should procure and read his book. It is published in England and this country by Longmans, Green and Co.

Lajpat Rai was the founder of at least three or four daily and weekly newspapers, and for years was an active and influential editor.

In 1920 he was president of the Indian National Congress; in 1921 he was official representative from India to the League of Nations International Labor Conference, in Geneva; and from 1924 to 1928 he was a member of the National Indian Iegislative Assembly, Delhi.

He was the author of a dozen books—including, besides those already mentioned, Lives of Garibaldi and Mazzini, and no less than six volumes in advocacy and support of India's great movement for national freedom and self-rule—three of the number having been written and published during his five years' residence in New York, namely, his "Young India"; his "England's Debt to India," and his "Political Future of India"—all of them works of great power.

His last book, published early in the present year, is entitled "Unhappy India." It is a careful and thorough review of Miss Katherine Mayo's "Mother India," and a crushing answer to the same. Up to this time it is issued only in India, not as yet having been republished in this country. It may, however, be obtained from the Hindustan Association, International House, 500 Riverside Drive, New York. Everybody who has any acquaintance with Miss Mayo's volume should read this candid and masterly reply, by a man able to speak of India's social and other conditions with the fullest knowledge and the highest authority.

I have spoken of Mr. Rai's different lines of activity, into all of which he put much of himself, and in all of which he excelled. They show the many-sided strength and ability of the man, and the many ways in which his influence went out, in India and beyond.

However, it is not as a lawyer, or an educator, or a social or religious reformer, or an editor, or an author of books, that he will be longest remembered or most highly honored in the years to come, by his countrymen and by liberty-lovers in all lands. It is as a patriot. It is as a conspicuous, able, broad-minded, far-visioned, richly equipped, heroic, indomitable leader in a mighty struggle to free a great nation—the second largest nation on earth—from forced bondage to a foreign power. Every other example of national bondage known to history is small, compared with this. Here we have the oldest civilized nation in the world, one that has ruled itself for 3,000 years and been one of the most illustrious of nations, deprived of its nationhood. Here we have one-sixth of the population of the entire globe held in forced subjection by foreign bayonets. How is it that Americans, and lovers of freedom in all lands, so little realize what India's bondage means? In the language of Professor Robert Morse Lovett:

> It is only because of the myopic vision with which we tend to view the ethics of nations, that the holding in political subjection and social inferiority of 320 millions of human beings does not appear as a hideous abnormality.

Here we see the greatness of Lajpat Rai. He was a conspicuous and mighty leader in the task, of simply unparalleled importance, of seeking to win freedom for a great historic nation of 320 millions of civilized human beings—a nation which in the past has ruled itself and occupied a leading place in the world throughout a period twenty times as long as the entire history of our American republic.

What this great task of winning freedom for India meant to him, let me tell you in his own language. In one of his best known utterances he says:

> There are men who ask the people of India: Why are you not satisfied? What do you want?
>
> India answers: The very insolence of the question is staggering. What do we want? Are we not *men* as well as you? What would *you* want, if, like us, *you* were held in subjection by the sword of a foreign power; if *you* were dominated industrially by foreign capitalists; if *you* were exploited financially by money-lenders of another land; if *you* were intellectually starved by rulers who deprived you of schools, and who shaped even the meager education you were permitted to have in such a manner as to crowd out and belittle your own history, literature and culture, and substitute a foreign and far more materialistic civilization in its place; if *you* were dominated over by men who worshipped money and power and who were unable even to understand the higher intellectual, moral and spiritual ideals of your nation and race? Under such conditions what would *you* want?

Most of you know that Lajpat Rai was twice imprisoned by the British government of India on account of his political activities. The first time was in 1907, and the second in 1921, after his return to India from America. According to all recognized standards of honor and justice, both imprisonments were dishonorable and unjust on the part of the government. Of his first imprisonment he wrote and published a full account. He was arrested without a warrant, he was refused a trial or any defense, he was not even permitted to know the charge preferred against him, and under those conditions he was hurried away secretly to a prison in Burmah. When he was arrested and imprisoned in 1921 it was under conditions similar.

Think of a civilized government treating any man, much less a great and honored public leader, like that. He learned later, not from the government, but otherwise, that the charge against him in 1907 was sedition. But why was he not told of its nature, and allowed defense? As a fact, there was no ground for the charge. After his release from the Burmah prison he brought suit against two newspapers, one in India and one in London, that had charged him with sedition, and in spite of all the efforts of government officials and others to prove him guilty, he won his case against both papers, and thus absolutely cleared himself.

The truth is, there was not a man in India who was less a seditionist than he. It is true that he fought the government whenever and wherever he believed it wrong. Especially did he fight with all his might for freedom for India. But his fighting was always open, honorable, by methods of argument, and face to face with the government that he condemned. He never plotted: he never worked in secret: he never countenanced violence in any form. So deeply did the Indian people themselves feel the degradation and wrong of their bondage, that individuals and groups, here and there, advocated revolution by force, and there was some violence and some bomb-throwing. But all this Lajpat Rai opposed. He said:

> Let us battle with all our souls for the freedom and na-

tionhood which are our right; but let us do it by reason, by moral appeal, and not by force and blood; by civilized means and not by methods of barbarism.

And as I have said, battle he did. He faced the British officials everywhere, and the advocates of foreign domination of India everywhere, with a courage that never quailed, with arguments that they could not answer, and with a force of moral appeal that was simply tremendous.

Nor was his fight for his country's freedom confined to India. When he went to England, as he did several times, he advocated his country's cause as unflinchingly there as at home. Once he was sent by the Indian National Congress as a member of a special delegation to lay India's case for self-rule before the British Parliament. Burke and Pitt and Fox did not plead more courageously, nor hardly more eloquently, the right of the American Colonies to freedom in 1776, than did Lajpat Rai the right of his own great historic nation to shape her own career in the world. British tyranny never had a mightier foe since Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams, the Americans, than it had for forty years in Lajpat Rai, the great son of India.

A further word should be said about Mr. Rai's work in America. He came at the beginning of the Great War, as an exile. He came because he knew he could not safely remain is India. Although he had proved in the British courts of law that his imprisonment in Burmah was without any ground of justice and that he was not a seditionist, yet he knew he was constantly suspected and watched, and that on obtaining the least shadow of an excuse the government would arrest and imprison him again. His only security, therefore, was in exile. Even in America he was constantly spied upon by British detectives. At one time a dictograph was secretly placed in a room where he was to hold a meeting with some other friends of India. But it revealed nothing. While he was outspoken everywhere in advocacy of India's right to freedom and in condemnation of the injustice which kept her in bondage, as has been said, all his utterances and all his deeds were open and honorable.

During his five years in America, which were spent mostly in New York, besides writing the three books already mentioned he wrote pamphlets of importance and many articles for periodicals, lectured in various parts of the country, spoke at numberless gatherings in New York, established, edited and published a small monthly magazine called *Young India,* opened and maintained rooms as "India Headquarters" in New York, and organized and directed an "India Home Rule League" and an "India Information Bureau." In these ways he made India known to hundreds and thousands of persons who knew little of it before, and exerted an influence in favor of India's struggle for freedom which was far-reaching and invaluable.

Let nobody make the mistake of believing that Lajpat Rai's long and heroic struggle to free his country from a foreign yoke—from the yoke of British domination—meant that he was an enemy of Britain, or that he wanted to do Britain wrong. Nothing of the kind was true. He was a friend of Britain—so true a friend that he wanted to save her from committing what he believed to be a great wrong, a great crime—against 320 millions of human beings, who have as much right to freedom and self-government as have the people of Great Britain or America. He wanted the British Empire to be, not one-fifth free and four-fifths slave, as now it is, but all free. He said to Britain, Give India freedom, give her self-rule like that of Canada and Australia; do it for your own sake as well as for India's, for then you will keep her contentedly in your Empire; otherwise you will lose her.

In the old days of American slavery those men were not the enemies of America who tried to get the nation to free its slaves. They were its best friends. The American nation was incomparably better off when it became all free, than she was when part free and part slave. It would be so with Great Britain. This was what Lajpat Rai constantly urged. Was he not right?

In all my long personal acquaintance with him, working for years by his side, I never heard him utter one bitter word against the nation that was holding his people in bondage. He hated the British nation's *deed;* the British *nation* he did *not* hate. Some of his warmest friends were Englishmen. He wanted no wrong done to Britain. But he also wanted Britain to do no wrong to India, and for *her own* sake, as well as for India's.

In a very true sense Lajpat Rai may be called the Mazzini of India. Also in a true sense he may be called the Sun Yat Sen of India; although, of course, in both cases with a difference. What two great men did for Italy and China, India sorely needed to have done for her. Lajpat Rai took up the task. He was as patriotic as either. He felt as deeply as did either the degradation, the humiliation, the wrong of his country's subjection to a foreign power; and with as great ardor and with as absolute consecration as shown by either he devoted his life to a struggle the aim of which was to free his country from her bondage, and gain for her, once more, a place among the great nations of the world. Like Mazzini and Sun Yat Sen, he experienced exile. Like both he was imprisoned. It is a question whether either Mazzini or Sen suffered more for his country than did Lajpat Rai for his beloved Motherland.

In India they called Lajpat Rai the "Lion of the Punjab." The name was given him with good reason. The lion is thought of as the king of the animal world. Lajpat Rai was a king among men. Wherever he went, in any company, men felt his strength, his inherent superiority.

Edwin Markham said of Abraham Lincoln that when he fell it was as "the fall of a great oak in the forest, leaving a lonesome place against the sky." Lajpat Rai was a "mighty oak." By his fall he leaves a "lonesome place," yes, a sadly and tragically "lonesome place," *in India's sky.*

It must not be supposed that India has no other strong men, no other able men, no other trusted and competent leaders, now that Lajpat Rai is gone. She has many. She has had many ever since the establishment, forty-three years ago, of her important nationwide political organization, the Indian National Congress. She has had a larger number still since the birth, after the Great War, of her distinctly Nationalist Movement, her distinctly Nationalist Party. And we may be sure that she will have more and more every decade and every year in the future: for India is now awake, as all Asia is awake.

If the British Government refuses to give India self-rule, her struggle for freedom will go on with ever

increasing determination, and leaders equal to the need will spring out of the very soil, as they did in America at the time of our struggle for freedom. She has long had her Patrick Henrys and her Samuel Adamses. India is fast getting her Franklins and Jeffersons. If she fails to obtain self-government by peaceful means—self-government like that of Canada, within the British Empire—and if, contrary to the earnest desire of Lajpat Rai, Mahatma Gandhi and others, she is driven to seek it by force of arms, she will soon enough find her General Washingtons, her General Greens, her General Ethan Allens, her General Putnams, to lead her armies, and even if it takes a conflict of seven long and terrible years, as in the case of our American Revolution, her leaders will lead her to ultimate victory and freedom. Revolutions never go backwards. Whenever a great nation, long in bondage, sets out in earnest to throw off its chains, it is only a question of time when it will achieve its ends. Said Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Said the great Hindu, Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, "I want to be free or I do not want to be at all." That was the spirit of Lajpat Rai. It is coming more and more to be the spirit of all India.

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote the great words:

> He who ruleth high and wise,
> Nor falters in his plan,
> Will take the stars out of the skies
> E'er freedom out of man.

These words apply to India as truly as to America. The day is coming when a free India will have an honor roll of noble and heroic men who have achieved her liberty, as we have an honor roll of noble and heroic men who achieved our liberty a hundred and fifty years ago. She will honor them not less than we honor the men who won us our freedom. And we may be sure that *conspicuous* on that shining roll will appear the name of the eminent educator, the earnest philanthropist, the able statesman, the true patriot, the man of prophetic vision, the man of heroic soul, the lover of India and the lover of all humanity, whose too early loss not only India, but lovers of liberty in many other lands so deeply mourn.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART V—CHAPTERS XII AND XIII

The Stain of Indigo

Champaran is the land of King Janaka. Just as it abounds in mango groves, so used it to be full of indigo plantations until the year 1917. The Champaran tenant was bound by law to plant three out of every twenty parts of his land with indigo for his landlord. This system was known as the *tinkathia* system, as three *kathas* out of twenty (which make one acre) had to be planted with indigo.

I must confess that I did not then know even the name, much less the geographical position, of Champaran, and I had hardly any notion of indigo plantations. I had seen packets of indigo, but little dreamed that it was grown and manufactured in Champaran at great hardship to thousands of agriculturists.

Rajkumar Shukla was one of the agriculturists who had been under this harrow, and he was filled with a passion to wash away the stain of indigo for the thousands who were suffering as he had suffered.

This man caught hold of me at Lucknow, where I had gone for the Congress of 1916. "Vakil Babu will tell you everything about our distress," he said, and urged me to go to Champaran. "Vakil Babu" was none other than Babu Vrajakishore Prasad who became my esteemed coworker in Champaran, and who is the soul of public work in Bihar. Rajkumar Shukla brought him to my tent. He was dressed in a black alpaca *achkan* and trousers. Vrajakishore Babu failed then to make an impression on me. I took it that he must be some vakil exploiting the simple agriculturists. Having heard from him something of Champaran, I replied as was my wont: "I can give no opinion without seeing the condition with my own eyes. You will please move the resolution in the Congress, but leave me free for the present." Rajkumar Shukla of course wanted some help from the Congress. Babu Vrajakishore Prasad moved the resolution expressing sympathy for the people of Champaran and it was unanimously passed.

Rajkumar Shukla was glad, but far from satisfied. He wanted me personally to visit Champaran and witness the miseries of the ryots there. I told him that I would include Champaran in my tour which I had contemplated and give it a day or two. "One day will be enough," said he, "and you will see things with your own eyes."

From Lucknow I went to Cawnpore. Rajkumar Shukla followed me there. "Champaran is very near here. Please give a day," he insisted. "Pray excuse me this time. But I promise that I will come," said I further committing myself.

I returned to the Ashram. The ubiquitous Rajkumar was there too. "Pray fix the day now," he said. "Well," said I, "I have to be in Calcutta on such and such a date, come and meet me then, and take me from there." I did not know where I was to go, what to do, what things to see.

Before I reached Bhupen Babu's place in Calcutta, Rajkumar Shukla had gone and established himself there. Thus this ignorant, unsophisticated, but resolute agriculturist captured me.

So early in 1917, we left Calcutta for Champaran, looking just like fellow rustics. I did not even know the train. He took me to it, and we travelled together, reaching Patna in the morning.

This was my first visit to Patna. I had no friend or acquaintance with whom I could think of putting up. I had an idea that Rajkumar Shukla, simple agriculturist as he was, must have some influence in Patna. I had come to know him a little more on the journey, and on reaching Patna, I had no illusions left

concerning him. He was perfectly innocent of everything. The vakils that he had taken to be his friends were really nothing of the sort. Poor Rajkumar was more or less as a menial to them. Between such agriculturist clients and their vakils, there is a gulf as wide as the Ganges in flood.

Rajkumar Shukla took me to Rajendra Babu's place in Patna. Rajendra Babu had gone to Puri or some other place, I now forget which. There were one or two servants at the bungalow who paid us no attention. I had with me something to eat. I wanted dates which my companion procured for me from the bazaar.

There was strict untouchability in Bihar. I might not draw water at the well whilst the servants were using it, lest drops of water from my bucket might pollute them, the servants not knowing to what caste I belonged. Rajkumar directed me to the indoor latrine, the servant promptly directed me to the outdoor one. All this was far from surprising or irritating me, for I was inured to such things. The servants were doing their duty, and as they thought, doing what Rajendra Babu would wish them to do.

These entertaining experiences enhanced my regard for Rajkumar Shukla, if they also enabled me to know him better. I saw now that Rajkumar Shukla could not guide me and that I must take the reins in my own hands.

The Gentle Bihari

I knew Maulana Mazharul Haq in London when he was studying for the bar, and when I met him at the Bombay Congress in 1915,—the year in which he was President of the Muslim League,—he had renewed the acquaintance and extended me an invitation to stay with him whenever I happened to go to Patna. I bethought myself of this invitation and sent him a note indicating the purpose of my visit. He immediately came in his car and pressed me to accept his hospitality. I thanked him and requested him to guide me to my destination by the first available train, the railway guide being useless for an utter stranger like me. He had a talk with Rajkumar Shukla and suggested that I should first go to Muzaffarpur. There was a train for that place the same evening, and he sent me off by it.

Principal Kripalani was then in Muzaffarpur. I had known of him ever since my visit to Hyderabad. Dr. Choithram had told me of his great sacrifice, of his simple life, and of the Ashram, that Dr. Choithram was running out of funds provided by Prof. Kripalani. He used to be a professor in the Government College, Muzaffarpur, and had just resigned the post when I went there. I had sent a telegram informing him of my arrival, and he met me at the station with a crowd of students, though the train reached there at midnight. He had no rooms of his own, and was staying with Professor Malkani who, therefore, virtually became my host. It was an extraordinary thing in those days for a Government professor to harbor a man like me.

Professor Kripalani spoke to me about the desperate condition of Bihar, particularly of the Tirhut division, and gave me an idea of the difficulty of my task. He had established very close contact with the Biharis and had already spoken to them about the mission that took me to Bihar.

In the morning a small group of vakils called on me. I still remember Ramnavmiprasad among them, as his earnestness specially appealed to me.

"It is not possible," he said, "for you to do the kind of work you have come for, if you stay here (meaning Prof. Malkani's quarters). You must come and stay with one of us. Gaya Babu is a well known vakil here. I have come on his behalf to invite you to stay with him. I confess we are all afraid of Government, but we shall render what help we can. Most of the things Rajkumar Shukla has told you are true. It is a pity our leaders are not here today. I have, however, wired to them both, Babu Vrajakishoreprasad and Babu Rajendraprasad. I expect them to arrive shortly and they are sure to be able to give you all the information you want and to help you considerably. Pray, come over to Gaya Babu's place."

This was a request that I could not resist, though I hesitated for fear of embarrassing Gaya Babu. But he put me at ease, and so I went over to stay with him. He and his people showered all their affection on me.

Vrajakishore Babu now arrived from Darbhanga and Rajendra Babu from Puri. Vrajakishore Babu was not the Babu Vrajakishoreprasad I had met in Lucknow. He impressed me this time with his humility, simplicity, goodness and extraordinary faith, so characteristic of the Biharis, and my heart was joyous over it. The Bihar vakils' regard for him was an agreeable surprise to me.

Soon I felt myself becoming bound to this circle of friends in life-long friendship. Vrajakishore Babu acquainted me with the facts of the case. He used to be in the habit of taking up the cases of the poor tenants. There were two such cases pending when I went there. When he won any such case he consoled himself that he was doing something for these poor people. Not that he did not charge fees from these simple peasants. Lawyers labor under the belief that if they do not charge fees, they would have no wherewithal to run their households, and would not be able to render effective help to the poor people. The figures of the fees they charged and the standard of a barrister's fees in Bengal and Bihar staggered me.

"We gave Rs. 10,000 to so and so for his opinion," I was told. Nothing less than four figures in any case.

The friends listened to my kindly reproach and did not misunderstand me.

"Having studied these cases," said I, "I have come to the conclusion that we should stop going to law courts. Taking such cases to the courts does little good. Where the raiyats are so crushed and fear-stricken, law courts are useless. The real relief for them is to be free from fear. We cannot sit still until we have driven *tinkathia* out of Bihar. I had thought that I should be able to leave here in two days, but I now realize that the work might take even two years, I am prepared to give that time, if necessary. I am now feeling my ground, but I want your help."

I found Vrajakishore Babu exceptionally cool-headed. "We shall render all the help we can," he said quietly, "but, pray, tell us what kind of help you will need."

And thus we sat talking until midnight.

"I shall have little use for your legal knowledge," I said to them. "I want clerical assistance and help in interpretation. It may be necessary to face imprisonment, but, much as I would love you to run that risk, you would go only so far as you feel yourselves capable of going. Even turning yourselves into clerks and

giving up your profession for an indefinite period is no small thing. I find it difficult to understand the local dialect of Hindi, and I shall not be able to read papers written in Kaithi or Urdu. I shall want you to translate them for me. We cannot afford to pay for this work. It should all be done for love and out of a spirit of service."

Vrajakishore Babu understood this immediately and he now cross-examined me and his companions by turns. He tried to ascertain the implications of all that I had said,—how long their service would be required, how many of them would be needed, whether they might serve by turns and so on. Then he asked the vakils the capacity of their sacrifice.

Ultimately they gave me this assurance: "Such and such a number of us will do whatever you may ask. Some of us will be with you for so much time as you may require. The idea of accommodating one's self to imprisonment is a novel thing for us. We will try to assimilate it."

M. K. Gandhi.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai)

Poetry and Rebellion

As an art form poetry ranks highest in the opinion of many eminent critics because it demands in a more exacting degree not only emotional vitality but intellectual and spiritual vitality as well. But poetry differs from other forms of writing in its emphasis upon emotional values. The initial emotional impulse of a poem to a large measure determines its success. It controls mood and generally technical structure, particularly rhythm.

Those who wish to expound, to expose, to argue, to analyze, should turn to other forms of artistic expression. The prime function of poetry is to stir, to make the reader aware of things that a poet can more fully sense and record and to rouse the reader to a more vital sensitivity to the familiar currents of human life around him. Poetry should fling open the golden portals of ecstasy and imagination, and the enchanted windows of sympathy, for in these qualities lies its intrinsic magic.

Increasing consideration has been given of late years to the so-called "cerebral poets," and other kindred spirits who retreat into their Ivory Towers and drop their effusions from its lofty but uninspiring eminence. William Stanley Braithwaite, who has probably done more than any other single individual for American poets and poetry, has declared that these poets have nothing to offer below the head. Assuredly the Fugitive Group and the exponents of conceited cliques like Hart Crane, must be credited with the astounding achievement of piecing colorful and ingenious phrases into a wholly enigmatical ensemble. They have little to say of signficance to any one but themselves and those interested in deciphering their own introspective analyses.

The invasion of these "cerebral poets," however, has had a very definite salutary effect upon contemporary American poetry, in that they represent, of course, one form of reaction against some of the maudlin and affected literary standards of former generations. Their work possesses a certain historic importance. It is influenced in interesting ways by modern psychology, but also by the dogmatic and spiritually barren philosophy of Menckenism. How can their poetry be of genuine significance when it is woefully lacking in ecstasy, passion and sympathy?

This brings me to the main burden of my song. "Poetry is faith." The words of Emerson have not lost their authentic truth in this mechanistic age. On the contrary, they have taken on a new and significant meaning. The word "faith," of course, is used in no narrow, sectarian sense but with a wide, humanitarian significance.

In searching the annals of the history of the poetry of the past, there is abundant evidence to support the affirmation that many great poets of all the ages have been humanists and rebels. Limitation of space prevents adequate discussion of this subject, but surely such names as Shelley, Byron, William Morris and Walt Whitman and numerous others spring instantly to our thoughts and today America may be proud to claim such rebel and humanist singers as Carl Sandburg, William Ellery Leonard and other younger and less established poets like E. Merrill Root, Benjamin Musser and Ralph Cheyney, not to mention a score of others.

There is no other art which can emphasize more concretely and more beautifully the spiritual values of human life. "We can not live by bread alone," is a trite phrase but one which contains a generous measure of truth. Savages and civilized men are alike in their blind groping for an explanation of the hidden sources of the universe. Authentic poetry gives utterance to the eternal adventuring in search of spiritual truths. We are living today in an age which has discarded the faith of our forebears. New faiths have yet to be born which will not conflict with recent scientific discoveries, with our new theories of human behavior and our new evaluation of human life itself.

In this transition stage the clouds of iconoclastic skepticism, of barren cynicism have darkened our mental horizons. We have become spiritually bankrupt.

If civilization is to endure, if we are to avert destruction from the horrible Frankensteins, from the machinery of war and other dangers which we ourselves have created through our so-called civilization, then we must build a new, all-embracing humanitarian faith. In this task poetry can be of inestimable value for poetry is the essence of sympathy.

How can the poets be of service in this supreme endeavor who close the gates of the spirit against the seething tumult of modern humanity, who cloister themselves in the tower of their own fashioning and content themselves with their own sterile and petty theories and introspections?

Honor to the poet who can find poetry in stunted city trees and the parched flowers in a tenement window, who sings the humdrum life of a factory hand or an office clerk. Honor to the poet who shouts against the infamy of lynchings and prisons and the red-eyed monster of war! Such poets are working with the brick mortar which will build a more enduring social structure. They are the standard-bearers of a new emancipated humanity. These are the poets whom the present may crucify but whom the future will honor.

Lucia Trent.

Forgive!

A Christmas Hymn

Oh, God, that we have seen the wrath of man laid bare,
And brothers sent by nations out to kill;
That we have seen War's burning murder-passions flare,
And in our weakness said, It is Thy Will—

That we have heard the roar of blind and blinding force
And stood to cheer its victims on their way,
And seared their souls with hate to speed them on their course,
And urged them still unceasingly to pray—

That we have felt our spirits coined to serve men's greed,
Our venom stirred by money's slavish pen;
That we have placed our gain before a whole world's need,
And smugly sung of Peace, Good-will to Men—

That we, afraid to dare the richness of Thy plan,
Still cheat Thy grace with meagerness of soul,
Still smother in a phrase the Brotherhood of Man
And hide with words the meanness of our goal—

Oh God of love, forgive! We ask no angel song,
No star above, no manger crib again,
But come to us new-born, wipe out this ancient wrong,
And live in truth within the hearts of men!

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On Christmas Giving

Any gift, if given in love, may be beautiful.
But why do we often give so poorly—
The skins of tortured, little, trapped, wild things,
Extravagant and useless finery,
Mere common things conceived in dullness
and demanding no imagination!

Must a gift be always things?
May it not be the sharing of a rich experience?
The giving of a beautiful thought?

What about lifting our eyes to the beauty
of the uncut Christmas pine?
And the perennial Christmas card! Might it not
blossom forth into something more than a greeting—

A plea for more friendships among all peoples . . .
The conservation of childhood . . .
Something challenging.
Something calling forth the good
latent in the human heart.
Something lasting and lovely.

CHARLOTTE CONKRIGHT KINNEY

The Study Table

(Book Reviews by John Haynes Holmes)

India—Another View!

If one wants to know what is the matter with Katherine Mayo's famous book, "Mother India," one could not do better than to read and ponder this precious little volume* by Dr. Buck. The two books deal with the same country and people, and handle some of the same facts. But O, the difference! Take the peculiar attitude of Indians toward the cow, for example. To Miss Mayo, this is an occasion for ridicule, revulsion and contempt. But Dr. Buck is touched by the beauty of a reverence for a dumb creature who is not only infinitely useful to an agricultural population, but has through centuries become "the symbol of gentleness which is the true Indian spirit." Miss Mayo is shocked by what seems to be the obscenities presented in the adornments of certain Indian temples. Dr. Buck, like Count Keyserling, sees significant spiritual meanings hidden away in the primitive art of a devout and profoundly philosophical people. What we have here is the difference between understanding and misunderstanding, and alien land and culture—also, perhaps, the difference between living with a people through many years, and visiting a people for as many weeks!

What Dr. Buck sees in India is a civilization which, at its best, is the projection of the spirit of the Christ. The Indians, of course, are not Christians, and for centuries were hostile to Christ as the prophet of a world which was the incarnation of everything alien to the inner essence of their life. But today they are rediscovering the Nazarene, and finding that he belongs in every aspect of his genius not to the West at all, but to the East. The basic principles of Indian life—*Ahimsa* (non-violence, gentleness, "Active beneficence"), *Yoga* (discipline, self-mastery, self-dedication), *Ananda* ("joy unutterable and overwhelming"), the bliss or blessedness of obedience to the highest, these and other ideals, beautifully interpreted in Indian scriptures and dramatically presented in Indian mythologies, are still most realistically and idealistically presented in the historic person of Jesus. The Nazarene is an oriental. He belongs to us, cry the Hindus today. As the West took him from us, only to betray and crucify him with violence, materialism and hate, so we will now receive him, that he may lead us perfectly into ways of love and peace. "Asiatic Christ," is their word. Jesus is the Jiwanmukta. He is the greatest of the Mahatma. *"Mahatma Isa ki jai!"*

We can imagine nothing more wholesome than for Christians to read this book. It would teach them some true estimate at once of themselves, and of their Eastern brethren. As the former estimate would prompt humility and shame, so the latter would prompt reverence; and together they might well produce that fellowship of understanding and goodwill which is the very gospel of the Christ.

*"Our Asiatic Christ," by Oscar MacMillan Buck. Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Bible Stories

Here are two novels† which make free use of Biblical material. Taking the two greatest of the Old Testament characters as heroes, the authors do with them as they will, in the interest not of truth but of fiction. If questioned, these authors would probably talk about realism, just as they burden their tales with learned appendices and bibliographies. But their method is the familiar romantic method. It is as old as Scott, and as new as Sabatini. If the books seem to be strange, it is because Biblical characters are not as familiar in these fictional trappings as Scotch highlanders and French swordsmen.

In Mr. Untermeyer's novel, which is his first, Moses is presented as the illegitimate son of an Egyp-

†"Moses," by Louis Untermeyer. Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.
"Giantkiller," by Elmer Davis. Published by John Day. $2.50.

tian princess and a Jewish priest. His early career is placed in the reign of the heretical Pharaoh, Akhnaton, of whom he is presented as the playmate and later the boon companion, and from whom he is described as having derived his monotheistic faith. The Bible story is followed from Midian to Mt. Pisgah, with gaudy embellishments, a naturalistic explanation of miraculous phenomena, and a certain freedom of sex experience on the part of the hero which is bound to shock the few people left in the world who take the ten commandments seriously. Before the tale is done, Moses is in full revolt against his own legislation.

"Giantkiller" is a somewhat longer and ampler tale, but equally free from hide-bound concern for Scripture. Thus, it is here set down that Goliath was not slain *in* combat by David, but fell and dashed his brow against a stone. It was while he was thus lying helpless that the shepherd-boy came upon him, and promptly cut off his head. David in this story is not the great soldier and mighty king, but essentially the musician and poet. He was a man of utter charm, and on occasion of stirring force, who moved others to mighty deeds. Thus Joab rather than David is the hero of this story in the field of action.

It is to be said of both these books that, for all their freedom of interpretation, they are serious, earnest, and of high artistry. They cannot be classified, for example, with John Erskine's smart and essentially vulgar volumes. Neither Untermeyer nor Davis degrade the heroes of classic myth to make a literary holiday. Yet they belittle these heroes. They trivialize vast themes which have stirred the minds of men for centuries. Especially has Untermeyer leveled mountain peaks to lowlands. His story is in many ways beautifully done; but in the end one feels that he has only made a best-seller out of what should have been an epic by Homer or Milton.

Discussions of Religion

The first of these two books* had its origin in an undertaking as rare as it was notable. For the first time in history, Christian and Jewish theological seminaries exchanged professors. A Christian scholar, Professor Rall, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, came to the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, to lecture on his faith; and in return a Rabbi, Professor Cohon, of the Jewish institution just named, came to Chicago, and lectured on Judaism to the students of the three leading Protestant theological schools associated with the University.

This volume contains the lectures delivered on this exchange occasion. They are admirable for high scholarship and fine spirit, but do not in any sense fulfil the promise of the title. Instead of "comparing notes," which would have been enormously interesting, the two scholars, Christian and Jewish, present their own religious ideas, each without any reference to the other, A splendid chance for a practical application of comparative religion is thus missed. But as exposition in parallel columns, so to speak, of the standard tenets of the two great Biblical faiths, the book could hardly be improved.

"Christ in the World of Today," is a fairly complete record of the Episcopal Church Congress, held in San Francisco in the summer of 1927. The book opens with Bishop Parson's felicitously brief speech of welcome, and closes with Dr. Batten's farewell address. In between are the papers read at the various sessions of the Congress, together with excerpts from the discussions on the floor.

News of this church conclave was carried from one end of the nation to the other by the Rev. Henry Lewis' startling address on sex morals. This address appears in full in this volume, and startles anew by its honesty, fearlessness, and high idealism. We have not seen such an utterance from a churchman since the death of Bishop Williams, of Detroit. Other papers are important if not sensational, notably a clear-cut address on the relation of the church to political and industrial democracy by Howard Melish, of Brooklyn. The deliberations of this congress were well worth preserving and publishing, a fact which may be regarded as quite an event in itself.

*"Christianity and Judaism Compare Notes," by Harris Franklin Rall and Samuel S. Cohon. The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

*"Christ in the World of Today," a Record of the Church Congress in the United States on its 53rd Anniversary, with an Introduction by Charles Lewis Slattery, Bishop of Massachusetts. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Correspondence

Conscious of the Universe

Editor of UNITY:

In Sydney Strong's excellent article "Dr. Straton and Rabbi Wise," he says—"for religion means growth, development, provided one is conscious of his relation to the universe."

Might I ask Dr. Strong to chart me his conception of his relation to the universe, my thought being that such amplification would aid others to encompass and to fix their relations to the universe.

Chicago. J. H. OSTRANDER.

Good-Will on a Battleship

Editor of UNITY:

Why,—oh why,—is our great country so often as stupid as a bumpkin, in its international affairs? Why, after taking a step forward toward better relations, does it take a longer step backward?

The world was beginning to count the good results of the Kellogg pact when President Coolidge through his Armistice day speech roused almost universal resentment. As soon as we ask other countries to renounce war, we ourselves would begin—according to this Coolidge program—to make vaster preparations for war than ever before.

We have rejoiced about "the good-will tour" of our president-elect to South America. But when we see a photograph of "the 'Maryland,' one of our newest and most powerful dreadnoughts," on which Mr. Hoover makes this tour,—we must doubt whether it can help to bring peace and good-will. Since the anti-war treaty was signed late in August, 41 nations have at least intimated their intention to adhere to this treaty; but six South American nations, including the three leading nations there, will adhere to it only when they are more sure than now of the real intentions of this country. Can even the Quaker Hoover win their confidence and good-will when on a dreadnought?

Chestnut Hill, Mass. HAROLD K. ESTABROOK.

A Promise Fulfilled

Editor of UNITY:

It is with pleasure that I fulfill a promise made to you concerning remittance for my subscription to your magazine—only, I have decided to send a check for three years instead of two.

You have been most generous in continuing to send the publication. However, that is not the only reason for

The Field

'The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A PROGRAM OF PEACE

By Nicholas Murray Butler

The Pact of Paris, signed August 27, 1928, renouncing War as an instrument of national policy, marks the longest step forward since the noble movement to lift civilized nations above the barbarity and cruelty of international war began. The Pact was signed by fifteen governments and has been subsequently adhered to by nearly every stable and responsible government in the world. This means that in their international relations and in their international business none of these goverments will hereafter contemplate war, talk of war or prepare for war. From this time on War, if it comes, will be a symbol of broken faith and shattered ideals.

The Pact of Paris rests not upon the artificial agreement of governments, but upon the moral conviction and determination of self-governing peoples who bend governments to their will. Its weight and its value in fixing national ideals and in shaping national policies cannot be over-estimated.

The Pact of Paris opens wide the gate to international peace. To enter at that gate and to travel the path to peace there are several things which the responsible leaders of civilization should quickly do. These constitute a veritable Program of Peace. They are:

1. To substitute for Departments or Ministries of War, Navy and Aviation a single Department or Minstry of National Defense, with sub-divisions for the Army, the Navy, and the Air Forces. The Irish Free State has already led the way in substituting a Minister of Defense for the conventional Minister of War, and in France M. Painlevé, Minister of War, has suggested that the same step be taken. The economic gain by taking this action would be considerable, the administrative gain would be still greater and the psychological gain would be greatest of all. There is no longer room for the word War in the permanent organization of any government signatory to the Pact of Paris or giving its adherence thereto.

2. To abolish compulsory military service and to reduce the armies of the world to police forces and skeletons of an emergency organization as is now the case in Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. The last word on army organization and use in a peace-loving democracy was spoken by Elihu Root in his five classic reports as Secretary of War, followed in like spirit by the late Viscount Haldane when Secretary of State for War in the Government of Great Braitain. These statesmen have pointed the way.

3. To get rid of battleships, destroyers, submarines, and like instruments for the destruction of life and property, and to maintain navies of peace. These will doubtless consist of cruisers of an agreed number, tonnage and equipment for purposes of police and relief work, and for sea patrol. Competitive navy building is a provocative scandal.

4. To develop speedily a controlling body of international law and a code of international conduct. The more closely these follow the evolution of the common law of England, doubtless the sounder and the safer they will be, but much material is now ready to be cast in code or statutory form.

5. To strengthen the authority of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, as well as that of the Permanent Court of Arbitration there, and to build up other institutions for conciliation and arbitration, as needed, for use when the ordinary processes of diplomacy halt or fail.

6. To increase the prestige and uphold the authority of the League of Nations.

7. To move toward the quick carrying out of the plan projected by Secretary Blaine nearly half a century ago, and to bring the governments of the American continent into stated and formal cooperation, without dictation or overlordship on the part of any one of them.

8. To develop, in cooperation with the League of Nations or otherwise, a plan for safeguarding the peoples of the Orient and for protecting them from exploitation by any people, government, or private interest.

9. To maintain and multiply those contacts, intellectual, moral and spiritual, which so greatly promote international sympathy and understanding, and which at the same time advance national pride and satisfaction. Science, literature, the fine arts, together with visits by representative and guiding personalities, are the potent instruments with which to develop the International Mind.

All this the Pact of Paris suggests and makes possible. It is a Program of Peace for the constructive statesmanship of today and tomorrow.

Additional copies may be had by addressing Division of Intercourse and Education, Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 405 West 117th Street, New York City.

JUDAISM—A PLATFORM

We are vitally interested in maintaining the "Jewish spirit." It is true that we often grow discouraged at the range and quality of the things which Jews have identified with "Jewish spirit." It offers such tempting opportunities for the charlatan and the fanatic. What a multitude of trivia it gathers within its metaphysical label. But for all that, we persist in believing that the "Jewish spirit" may be put to good uses in the task of creating a better life for every individual.

Those who take Liberal Judaism seriously cannot fail to realize that in practice "Jewish spirit" has frequently been fearfully diluted. What we must develop today, therefore, is a new tech-

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my continued appreciation. The last number was worth a year's subscription in itself—speaking moderately.

Though not agreeing with you on every point, I heartily commend your sustained poised, though impassioned efforts in behalf of social justice and the good life. May success attend your work.

Cambridge, Mass. A. B. B.

"Noise"

Editor of UNITY:

While working in a sanitarium as waiter at Colfax, California, I took up the excessive uncalled for locomotive whistling and clanging of bells. After a short and spirited correspondence with various authorities and also interviews with the townspeople, I finally struck the *keynote* how to proceed and to whom to appeal. This was four years ago, and today all whistling and bell-ringing have completely stopped. Will say that this noise was abated three weeks after I sent my first letter.

There are from fifty to seventy-five trains passing Colfax daily, according to the fruit and other seasons. This town has several tubercular hospitals. The citizens for twenty years have attempted to do what I accomplished so quickly. I simply appealed to the deeper generous side of the manager of the S. P. R. R.

Noise has a destructive side to the human body. It acts like the constant throwing of rubber balls onto one spot, which either creates a hole—or—destroys the vibration of the tissue cells at the spot struck. This is proved when we examine boiler-workers' ears. At first the ear tympanium becomes sharp and active, later it re-acts to non-resistance.

Noise actually prevents one from thinking and reasoning, also touching up with the infinite thought waves; similar to a radio, which also is disturbed by noises and cross currents.

Los Angeles, Cal. LOUIS LIVINGSTON

Commendation from South Dakota

Editor of UNITY:

* * * I appreciate UNITY more than any other magazine I receive. It is indeed rich food for thought to one who is attempting to build a new path of constructive religious thinking. I agree with John T. Reynolds: "Why not give us a John Haynes Holmes sermon occasionally?

Arlington, S. D. RALPH TIETSORT

Will Stand By

Editor of UNITY:

. . . This delay in my renewal of UNITY does not mean that I have lost interest. UNITY is my favored magazine. I shall as long as I possibly can be a subscriber that will stand by. It has brought to me the high light of American life. It has defended the rights of the people ever since I got acquainted with it. The very thing so sadly needed.

Webster Groves, Mo. HANS H. BAASCH

nique, a better methodology for squaring our theological professions with our daily practice. To shut our eyes to the chasm which yawns between the ideal picture of Judaism you will find in Kaufman Kohler's "Theology" and the pedestrian performance of Judaism that passes you in the market place is to court the chagrin and vexation of bitter disillusionment.

We might formulate our program in some such manner as this:

Believing that Judaism and Life are inseparably united and holding that Life is a canvas upon which we may trace a pattern beautiful if so we will, we affirm these values in our religious heritage to be most excellent and we propose as best we can to recreate them in our time and to hand them on to those who follow us as constructive Jewish attitudes of mind and spirit.

1. We hold that Freedom and the passion for Liberty founded upon the prophetic ideals of Justice, Righteousness and Love are the choicest instruments by which human society can create a good life for all.

2. We hold that Knowledge and the pursuit of Knowledge, Wisdom, and Truth—in a word, Torah, the study and love of Torah—is the highest technique which Judaism teaches as the way to the spiritual life.

3. We hold that Judaism is "half-memory and half-hope"—a way of living, a discipline in character, a quest for God through ethics, poetry, philosophy and art.

4. We hold that the "Mission of Israel" has prophetic sanction only when we vindicate it in our conduct of life.

5. We hold that the Jewish Home and the Synagogue are indispensable technique for Liberal Judaism and we pledge ourselves to keep these altars of reverence, faith, love, and holiness pure and undefiled.

6. We hold that our task as Liberal Jews is to reverence Life and the Divine Source of Life, to "Love Peace and Pursue It," to champion realistically the cause of Justice and Righteousness, to be loyal to the whole household of Israel, to share generously of our material riches and mental resources in the work of building a better world than we have ever known, guided by Wisdom, founded upon Justice, inspired by goodness and God and the love of Beauty and Truth.

7. We hold that this adventure in Judaism must be made by lay Jews and Jewesses as well as by our Rabbis and we purpose to devote some part of each day in our lives to the study and conduct of these ideals.

8. We hold that the ceremonies and practices of Judaism have sanction only when they are beautiful, elevating, and true—when they lead us gladly and irresistibly to the love and sympathy for our fellow-pilgrims and to reverence for God.

9. We hold that we shall succeed in our tasks to banish war and superstition and found a society upon intelligence and virtue "not by material strength or political imperialism" but by ever seeking and aspiring after the spiritual blessings abstracted within the good, beautiful, holy, and true.

10. We hold that we demonstrate the quality of our Judaism by the way we act and that our religion becomes vitiated and decadent when we divorce theology and God from the ethical life.

11. We hold that the fruit of faith is conduct.

12. We hold that there is a great cosmic purpose in human existence, an infinite intelligence. Whose Wisdom ushers us into being, Whose Grace steadies the rhythm of the spheres. By this Faith we will be lifted from the clamor of confusion and discord to centrality of vision. Thus we affirm the goodness within the riddle, the Divine within the human heart. Thus would we gaze with serenity and peace while we walk through darkness.

13. We hold that the highest truth we know is that Love of God which brings us reverently to Life, which bids us do Justice, love Mercy, and walk Humbly with God.

VICTOR EMANUEL REICHERT.

The American Israelite.

THEY PICK THE BEST MODERN HYMNS

What are the ten best hymns of the twentieth century? Carl F. Price tells in the *Western Christian Advocate* of a tentative list made by asking the choice of a number of hymnologists. The first hymn selected was Dr. Frank Mason North's "Where cross the crowded ways of life," which has appeared in more official denominational hymnals than any other twentieth-century hymn. The rest of the list follows: "The light of God is falling," by Dr. Louis F. Benson; "I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe," by Rev. Harry Webb Farrington; "O Maker of the Mighty Deep," by Henry van Dyke; "O God whose law from age to age," by Rev. John Haynes Holmes; "Rise up, O men of God!" by Dr. William P. Merrill; "O Holy City seen of John," by Dr. W. Russell Bowie; "God of the strong, God of the weak," by Richard Watson Gilder; "No longer of Him be it said," by Joyce Kilmer; "We would see Jesus, lo! His star is shining," by Dr. J. Edgar Park.

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